Libr. of the

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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WHAT JESUS MEANS TO ME

THE answer to the question, "What think ye of Jesus?" has to be found by all thinkers who are religiously minded.

The accounts giving us partial histories of Jesus are fragmentary—only a few years' story is told, and that written after many years passed, and compiled from purely verbal narratives. There are birth stories: we have a story of him when he was about twelve years old; and then the records of his short public life are so few that we can read them all in about a half an hour. Still, these short stories tell of a man who undoubtedly has influenced Western life more than any other person and who stands out supreme in attractiveness and interest.

Owing to the meagre details, we are obliged to draw upon our imaginations if we wish to place before ourselves the appearance, characteristics and habits of this man of Palestine. Just as artists have painted a face which they think may have been like his face, so we have largely to conjure up details which fill out a life such as he seems to us to have lived. From the very nature of the case we shall all emphasize and minimize what does or does not appeal to us, and the resultant picture will be a purely personal one. Such a personal portrait I now give, telling what Jesus means to me.

(1) *I see a man of manual labor.*

His home was built of adobes, one story high, and of one or two rooms. The roof was of branches of trees covered with mud and by no means water-proof. One room was workshop and the other a sleeping apartment. The tools in the workshop were of very simple kind and the work done by their aid was naturally slow and arduous. There Jesus toiled and sweated. Neighbors came in with farm implements to mend or, rarely, with orders for new ones. Thus year after year the worker toiled.

The returns for the work accomplished were meagre but necessary, for the father was dead and the mother and younger children had to be kept. The home, the work and the habits were such as are probably duplicated in hundreds of the peon homes of Mexicans today.

How strange it is that a man toiling and living in such surroundings has so wonderfully made his mark in all subsequent history! Life works out its plans in mysterious ways. We worry and scheme and fussily strive, as we say, to make history, and an obscure carpenter working toilfully at a few primitive ploughs and oxen-yokes transforms the whole of subsequent history.

(2) *I see a lonely man.*

The man worked long hours all by himself, at times putting down his tools, or leaning on the handle of his axe and gazing out of the doorway, revealing by his eyes that his thoughts were far away.

In the evenings he sauntered away on to the hills, staying there in the silence, often not returning until the rest of the village was wrapped in sleep. When others went to watch the Roman procession passing over the nearby way, he went off on to the most deserted hillsides; when others gathered for the evening's gossip he strolled away into the falling darkness. His mother, relatives and neighbors thought him reserved, and could not tell what to make of him.

So for over twenty years this reserved and lonely life passed its days. Those lonely hours were not wasted. The world was being transformed in those lonely walks under the Eastern stars, and a new life was being born in the thoughts harbored whilst the tools were temporarily idle. Stillness, silence and solitude are the divine soil in which future harvests are prepared.

(3) *I see a magnetic man.*

Despite the reserve in the nature of the man,

there was something which was extremely attractive. There is a subtle something which some folk have, which plays upon our lives and yet cannot be explained. Jesus had this "something."

We see its results in the attitude of many with whom he came into contact. The despised woman, the hated taxgatherer and grafter, the scholar, the rich youth, the condemned criminal and the blasé governor, all were drawn to him. There was a look in the eye, a quiet confidence in the manners and a natural courtesy that ever appealed. Even those who disliked him were conscious of his power or they would not have troubled to hate him.

Whence came this magnetism? No sufficing answer can be given. But I know that part of it came from those twenty years of unconscious preparations. There may be such things as we call "gifts," but our characters are not gifts, but results. As we secretly live and silently think, so are we, and if we could trace back the growth of the power of the greatest of men and women we should find its unconscious development in years of quiet. Mohammed had his desert years. Moses had his desert nights with the flocks. Socrates had his love of solitude. Gautama had his forests. Jesus had his Galilean hills. Magnetism is won and won largely in lonely communings.

(4) *I see a good man.*

When we think of Jesus and evil, directly there comes into our mind the saying that he was tempted and "yet without sin."

We see in him an ideal of manliness. His enemies never stress, nor even mention, any known moral lapses, and we seem to see him so filled with love of the Father, and so earnest and active in higher things that we cannot imagine him descending to a low level. When with him in imagination, we are ever on the heights. He saw the best and highest everywhere and was too absorbed in the noble to have time for the ignoble.

(5) *I see a brave man.*

In Jesus' day there were three strong political parties, each distinguished by its attitude towards its Roman masters and its longed-for political freedom.

To say aught, even conscientiously, that reflected on any of the three meant for a Jew dislike and danger. Jesus saw mistakes in each policy and bravely attacked them. For the sake of the ideal life as he saw it, he fearlessly pointed to errors and urgent amendment. One by one the parties saw in him not only a non-supporter, but also a dangerous critic. Pharisee, Sadducee and Zealot each disliked his attitude, but none of them could cause him to be silent. Had he wished he could easily have remained in the country and been safe. Had he so desired he seemingly could have found a response in the Greek world and been secure; but his love for his native land and its historic capital bade him stress the truths of which he felt sure. He must at any cost try to help his own land; whatever the danger, he felt compelled to begin at Jerusalem.

So with no fear and no evasions he faced his danger and his eventual death.

I see one brave man face the opinions of a whole land and alone grapple with national failings. We know even in our land what it means to combat popular opinions, and so can all the more admire him who without one understanding friend faced the national errors and silently passed to his death.

Thus when I look back through the years to Jesus, I see a man toiling obscurely but faithfully at simple tasks, a man accustomed to solitude and communion with the unseen, a man great, silently strong and attractive, a man true to his ideals and brave to face all odds for the sake of his vision of truth. And so appealing is what I see in him that he becomes my ideal man and my picture of what God would have each person become.

Thus more and more I make him my companion, guide, teacher, and friend.

When I am inclined to rely overmuch on the material side of life, he says to me, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" And I know that he is right, that man does not live on bread alone, and I try to leave behind my mistaken reliance.

When life seems hard, and faced by sickness, or helplessness in the needs of others, I lose heart. Then I hear him with his simple, sublime trust saying, "If God so clothe the grass of the field, how much more will he clothe you." And as a refrain my own mind repeats other of his words, "Your heavenly father knoweth."

If, disappointed with the ways of life, I feel myself grudging and condemning, I hear his warning whisper, "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

When I have slipped and fallen and come far below my ideal and, under the shame of it all, despair, I see his word-pictures of the lost coin, the lost sheep, and the boy who for a time was lost.

When, lost in the immensity of things and in the seemingly inexplicable ways of life, I wonder what after all is the most serviceable method for the days, I then hear his descriptions of real happiness in his incomparable sayings to his listeners. "Happy are the meek, the merciful" —and my mind responds and repeats with him his sayings.

Thus day after day he is my Mentor, and by his aid I often see through the mists, peer out of the narrow valley and get glimpses of the blue distant peaks.

In the silences he speaks to me, in the turmoil he quiets, in failures he hearkens, in successes he warns. He has for me the wondrous gift of being able to efface himself in his glowing faith in the Father. I see him and then immediately he points onward. Sometimes when we set forth to climb some great height, after much toil we scale a great shoulder and before us in new grandeur the main peak rises. We are awed for a time, but then set out with new vigor, forgetting or leaving behind the massive shoulder which revealed to us the vision.

So is it with the Master. We learn to love his ways, and immediately he points onwards and upwards. The burden of his words and his life is ever The Father, My Father, Our Heavenly Father. I hope eventually that as I walk with him his vision of The Father may be mine.

This Jesus to me is friend, counsellor, guide—but more than aught else, Revealer of God.—*Rev. Miles Hanson.*

MISTAH HONEY BEE

No one's makin' speeches
'Cep' de honey bee.
De principles he teaches
Sounds right sensible to me.
He says: "Keep lookin' foh de sweets
Dat's growin' everywhere;
An' if some no- 'count weeds you meets
Pass on an' don't you care."

As he comes a-bringin'
De goods f'um 'roun' de farm,
He says: "A little singin'
Ain' gwinter do no harm."
I tells you, lots of us would get
Mo' joy f'um life if we
Kep' follerin' de example set
By Mistah Honey Bee.

—*Selected.*

THE MESA

THEY call it "the Enchanted Mesa," this island of ocher rock set in a sea of light, higher than Niagara, beveled and faced straight up and down as if smoothed by some giant trowel. . . . The whole region is an Enchanted Mesa, a Painted Desert, a Dream Land where mingle past and present, romance and fact. . . .

If you let your mind slip back to remote eras, you are lost in a maze of antiquities older than the traditions of Egypt. Draw a line from the Manzano Forests east of Albuquerque west through Isleta and Laguna and Acoma and Zuni and the three mesas of Arizona to Oraibi and Hotoville for four hundred miles to the far west, and along that line you will find ruins of churches, temples, council halls, call them what you will, which antedate the coming of the Spaniards by so many centuries that not even a tradition of their object remained when the conquerors came. Some of these ruins . . . would house a modern cathedral and seat an audience of ten thousand. . . . Do you not see how the past of this whole Enchanted Mesa, this Painted Desert, this Dream Land, is more romantic than fiction could create? . . .

I venture to say not a hundred travelers see Acoma's Enchanted Mesa in a year. . . . They tell you outside that it is a hard drive, all the way from twenty-five to thirty miles to Acoma. . . . For once western miles are too short. The drive is barely eighteen miles and as easy as on a paved city street. . . . The desert sunrise atoned for all . . . the red-winged blackbirds, thousands of them, whistling sheer joy of life along the overflow swamps of the irrigation canals. . . . Set out early in the day, and you escape the heat. Sun up; the yellow-throated meadowlarks lilting and tossing their liquid gold notes straight to heaven; the desert flowers such a mass of gorgeous . . . bloom as dazzle the eye—cactus, . . . red and gold and carmine, wild pink, scarlet poppy, desert geranium, little shy, dwarf, miniature English daisies . . . who said our Southwest was an arid waste? It is our Sahara, our Morocco, our Algeria; and we have yet to discover it in its beauty.

Red-shawled women pattered down the trail from the hillside pueblo of Laguna, or marched back up from the yellow pools of the San José River, jars of water on their heads; figures of bronze they might have been or women of the Ganges. . . . The morning light strikes the steeples of the twin-towered Spanish mission on the crest of the hill; and the dull steeples of the adobe church glow pure mercury. . . . Light bathes the sandy, parched mesas and the purple mountains girding the plains around in yellow walls, . . . with here and there in the distant sky-line the opal gleam of a snowy peak immeasurably far away. It dawns on you suddenly—this is a realm of pure light . . . pure light, split by the shimmering prism of the dusty air into rainbow colors, transforming the sand-charged atmosphere into an unearthly morning gleam shot with gold dust. You know now that the big globe cactus shines with the glow of a Burma ruby here when it is dull in the eastern conservatory, because here is of the very essence of the sun. The wild poppies shine on the desert sands like stars. . . . The blue forget-me-nots are like bits of heaven, because their faces shine with the light of an unclouded sky from dawn to dark; . . . all enveloped in a purple, hazy heat veil—an unreal Dream World, an Enchanted Mesa all of it, a Painted Desert made of lavender mist and lilac light and heat maze shimmering and unreal as a poet's vision.—*Agnes C. Laut, in "Through Our Unknown Southwest."*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

OFFERS

For the following books apply to Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High Street, Montclair, N. J.

The First Million the Hardest. A. B. Farquhar.
Salisbury, the Cathedral and See. Gleeson White.
The Deemster. Hall Caine.
Cleveland and Thurman. Hensel and Dorsheimer.
The Story of the Greek People. E. M. Tappan.
The Little House in the Hollow.
The Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children. J. Andrews.
Biltmore Oswald. Richard Dorgan.
Line upon Line.
Stepping Stones to Literature. S. Arnold and C. Gilbert.
Father Bear and Bobby Bear. Howard Famous.
Little Prudy. Sophie May.
Peter Rabbit's Christmas. Duff Graham.
Essay on Burns. Carlyle.
Webster's Academic Dictionary, 1895.
The Pacts of the 19th Century. Ed. by Robert A. Willmott, 1862.
Evil May Day. E. E. Green.
The Call of the World. W. E. Doughty.
He Took It Upon Himself. M. Slattery.
Vicar of Wakefield. Goldsmith.
The True Citizen. W. F. Markwick.
The Lapidaries. Mrs. E. Cheney.
Elizabeth. Mme. Cotlin.
Essay on Milton. Macauley.
The Wortlebank Diary. Holme Lee.
Lucile. Owen Meredith.
Tom Brown's School Days. Hughes.
The Outdoor Chums. Capt. Quincy Allen.
Little Servants. Aunt Susan.
Attractive Truths in Lesson and Story. A. M. Scudder.
Our Mutual Friend. Charles Dickens.
The Road to Heaven. Waldo Messaros.
History of the English People. Green.
Graduated Exercises in Articulation. S. A. King.
The Principles of Argumentation. Baker.
Carpenter's Geographical Reader.
The Common Word Spellers.
The Black-Box Murders. M. Maartens.

Don't Worry. T. F. Seward.
The Rational Spelling Book. J. M. Rice.
Holly Berries. Dickens.
With the Serbs in Macedonia. D. Walshe.
Messer Marco Polo. Donn Byrne.
Angela. Alice Weber.
Undine. Fouqué.
Famous Legends. Crommelia.
Tom Slade. P. K. Fitzhugh.
Sojourning in Paris. E. O. Williams.
The Scarlet Letter. N. Hawthorne.
Story of an African Farm. O. Schreiner.
Sketch Book. W. Irving.
Fantasy and Passion. E. Fawcett.
Letters. Chesterfield.
Speech on Conciliation. E. Burke.
A Geographical Reader. J. Jahonnot.
On the Road to Arcady. M. N. Thurston.
Almost a Genius. A. L. Rouse.
The Mill on the Floss. G. Eliot.
Home and Health. C. H. Fowler.
Wags. M. Shepard.
Childe Harald. Byron.
Point Lace and Diamonds. G. A. Baker, Jr.
Essay on Burns. Carlyle.
7,000 Words Often Mispronounced. Phyfe.
Sartor Resartus. Carlyle.
My Friends and I. Julian Sturgis.
Not Wanted. J. L. Williams.
The Floral Wreath. Mrs. Southey.
The Family and the Church. Hyacinthe.
St. Philip's. M. C. Harris.
The Mortgage on the Brain. V. Harper.
Stories of Great Musicians. K. L. Scabey.
Jennifer Lorn. Elinor Wylie.
The Sixty-first Second. Owen Johnson.
Merchant of Venice. Shakespeare.
Heart-Songs. H. W. Frost.
The Signs in the Christmas Fire. W. A. Knight.
Crumbs Swept Up. De Witt Talmadge.
The Light of Asia. Arnold.
Pathway of Promise.
In Christ Jesus the Sphere of the Believer's Life. A. T. Pierson.
Bible Stories. Old Testament.
Rasselas. Johnson.
Graded Sentences for Analysis. Rossman.
Harper's Household Handbook.
The Preliminaries. Cornelia Comer.
Philosophy Four. Owen Wister.
A Dramatic Reader, Book II. H. A. Treble.

REQUESTS

1. I am a farmer's wife. We are very poor people, and live in a lonesome neighborhood. I am writing asking for reading matter, of any kind you can send me; also picture books and cards for my children. I have three boys and one girl, ages ranging from seven to two years. Mrs. Savannah Agee, Spencer, Va., R. 1, Box 38.

2. I have been almost an invalid for many years; my legs get in such a terrible shape I can't stand or walk on them at times. I cannot do my house work only about half of the time. We had to sell our home to pay the doctor's bills, and we now live on rented land. I love to knit and piece quilts; it is a pleasure to me. If anyone has some pieces, thread, and also some picture books for the three small neighbor's children who live with us, I would be so glad if they would write me and send me some. Mrs. Herritt Leffew, Dodson, Va.

3. I am a little school girl. I live a long ways from school, and cannot go when it is bad weather. I would be glad of books and papers. Ada Foley, Bassett, Va., R. 1.

4. I don't hear from many of the dear ones; maybe they have forgotten me. I do miss your cheery letters so much, which I did appreciate. I am very lonely, and live far off in a lonely place. I would like to get some silk and gingham pieces for quilts. Mrs. Girtha Tyson, Polkton, N. C., R. 2.

5. This winter I am suffering lots with rheumatism, and cannot get out much. I am not able to go to church in the winter, as our church is four long miles off. So I am asking the kind friends for any good reading with large print, as my eyes are getting so weak. Anything to cheer my lonely life, as my husband is dead, and all my kiddies go to school. I am left alone during the day, and have to be so careful, as I take cold so easily. For reference I give my pastor's name, Rev. J. B. Pettus, Elamsville, Va. Mrs. Lily Cox, Dodson, Va.

6. Vivian Sullivan of Sturgills, N. C., is a little nine-year-old girl living in the country, and she would like to correspond with a little girl of her age who lives in a city.

7. Lillian Jarrett of Spencer, Va., twenty-two years old, lives in a lonely place in the country, and would appreciate any good reading matter that could be sent to her. Her reference is Rev. R. N. Barbour of Ferrum, Va.

8. I am a young wife twenty-one years old. I have a little boy four months old, and these cold winter days keep me in the house most of the time, as I live on a lonesome prairie two miles from town. I would appreciate quilt scraps, any good reading, cook book, or anything to amuse the baby. Mrs. Martha White, Chelsea, Okla. Care of Mrs. Cassie Hown, Chelsea, Okla.

9. I wish to thank you for remembering me, as I was very sick through the Christmas holidays. I had muscular rheumatism and neuralgia so bad I hardly knew it was Christmas. So I want to send many thanks to all that sent me parcels of any kind. I appreciate your kindness. Mrs. Margaret Johnson, R. D. 2, Box 83A, White Top, Va.

10. Mrs. Mary A. Osborne of Lansing, N. C.,

a widow fifty years old with one boy twelve years old, would appreciate quilt scraps and reading, if anyone has them to send, as she has to do washing for her support. She does not have any money to spare to buy reading, etc. Reference, Charlie Campbell, Thaxton, N. C.

11. I have been in poor health for several months, and can't get out very much. I would be so glad of some good reading, and quilt pieces of any kind. I would also like some toys or anything for the two youngest to play with, to keep them at the house, a boy, seven, and a girl, four. I would be glad of an A B C book for my baby girl. I thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends for past favors. Mrs. B. J. Hall, Roanoke, Va., Box 224, R. 5.

12. Mrs. M. M. Goforth, Athens, Tenn., R. 1, Box 45, would be very glad to correspond with some of the *Cheerful Letter* sisters.

13. Mrs. C. T. Watson of Hartman, Ark., says that she would be glad to receive reading for two little boys, ages thirteen and fifteen years. These boys are very bright, but are unable to attend school on account of having to work to help support the family. She would like especially Ray's Third Part Arithmetic for them. Their names are Searl and Paul Watson, Hartman, Ark., R. 1. Mrs. Watson would appreciate any advice on teaching children at home.

14. Mrs. Frank Phipps, Weaversford, N. C., would very much appreciate good reading for her children, and any sewing material or thread that anyone can send her. Children's ages range from eight to seventeen years.

15. Mrs. Ellen Washington, Endicott, Va., would like any kind of reading and pictures for her two little girls, ages ten and twelve years.

16. Mrs. Emma L. Hicks sends thanks to the one who sent her little daughter the package of silk pieces, work basket, etc. Mrs. Hicks would enjoy receiving any good household magazine, like *Good Housekeeping*.

17. Miss M. A. Stewart of Dayton, Tenn., R. 4, Box 187, thinks she has been forgotten, as it is so long since she has heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. She asks to be remembered again, with reading and sewing material.

18. I appreciate the reading matter I have received during the last year through the *Cheerful Letter*, and would be glad to get more, as I am interested in reading and can get but little here. With many thanks, Mr. W. I. Ashley, Clifton, N. C.

19. Mrs. J. R. Sturgill, Sturgills, N. C., thanks all who have sent her anything through the *Cheerful Letter;* she is very poor, and the problems of caring for her large family are many. She hopes to continue to receive reading for her children, and any sewing material for herself will be greatly appreciated.

20. I am the mother of four boys; the oldest one is ten years old. I am very poor and I have no home, and I cannot send them to school as I would like. I would appreciate anything anyone would send me. Mrs. Rettie Wallace, Grassy Creek, N. C., R. F. D. 2.

21. I wish to thank all who have sent books and magazines to us, and would be glad to receive more. I would also be glad to get bits of thread or quilt scraps, for mother, as she is not able to work. Mrs. Jennie Jones, Clifton, N. C.

22. Mrs. Pearl Bloney of Cleveland, Ark., R. 1, would like a primer and small story books for her little five-year-old boy, who has been sick since October with infantile paralysis. Also she would like reading and sewing material for herself. Mrs. Bloney lived formerly at Rupert, Ark.

23. Mrs. Zenna Blevins, Silas Creek, N. C., would like story books, cards or games for her three little boys, ages ranging from six to one year. She also sends thanks for what she has received in the past year from *Cheerful Letter* friends.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Sallie Luster from Slidell, Texas, to Era, Texas, R. 1.

Mrs. Lena T. Wood is now at Stuart, Va., Box 4.

Mrs. Frances Vess is now at Decatur, Texas, R. 1.

Mrs. J. Becker's present address is 1621 Pine Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

THESE are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveller's load,
And for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.
These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Malice, and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of the common day.
These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers,
And of the good brown earth—
And best of all along the way,
Friendship and mirth.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Recipes

Swiss Steak.—Remove skin and bone from 1 pound of round steak, wash the meat and lay it on a well-floured board. Sift over it flour to cover well and, with a hammer, pound in all the flour the meat will take. Cut into medium-sized pieces, sprinkle liberally with salt and pepper and brown on both sides in hot fat in a frying pan. As each piece is ready, put it into a baking dish containing 2 cupfuls of hot water. When all the meat is out of the pan, brown 1 cupful each of sliced onions and celery and add them to the meat. Turn into the pan 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, brown carefully, then add 1 cupful of cold water and rub to a smooth paste. Add to the meat, together with enough more hot water to cover it well. Bake slowly until the meat is done and the pieces on top are nicely browned. Add hot water as required. When the meat is done, there should be plenty of rich, delicious brown gravy. Serve in the baking dish.

Hungarian Goulash.—Fry 4 slices of salt pork until brown, then cut 1 onion up small and fry brown, add 1½ pounds hamburg steak, fry, then add 1 small can tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste, and boil about five minutes. Have 1½ cups of small macaroni cooking, when done, stir into mixture.

Jellied Prune Pudding.—Wash thoroughly ⅓ of a pound of prunes, cover with hot water and leave to stand an hour or more. Simmer until the fruit is done and covered with 1 pint of syrup. Strain off the juice and dissolve in it ½ of a box of gelatine that has soaked in ½ cupful of cold water. Add 1 cupful of sugar. Remove the pits from the prunes and cut the fruit into small pieces. Add them to the juice with ¼ cupful each of lemon juice and nut-meats cut into small pieces. Mold and chill. Serve with plain or whipped cream. The nuts are the making of this dish.

Apple Snow offers a seasonable dessert. It is made by paring and coring four soft apples, steaming them until soft and rubbing through a sieve. Gradually add three-quarters of a cup of the apple pulp to the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, using a wire whisk. Sweeten to taste and continue beating. Pile lightly in individual glass dishes, chill thoroughly and serve with ice cold boiled custard, vanilla flavored.

Tapioca Cream.—1½ tbsps. minute tapioca, 2 cups scalded milk, 2 eggs, ⅓ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. vanilla. Soak the tapioca one minute in cold water to cover; drain, add milk and cook in double boiler until tapioca is transparent. Add half the sugar to the milk and remainder to egg yolks slightly beaten, and salt. Combine by pouring hot mixture slowly on egg mixture. Return to double boiler, and cook until it thickens. Remove from range and add whites of eggs beaten stiff. Chill and flavor. Serve with cream.

Handy Hints

When baking potatoes, first let them stand in boiling water for 15 minutes; they will bake in one-half the usual time. Or, if time is very short, try boiling them till nearly done and finish in the oven. Pierce potatoes with a fork before baking them and they will not burst open in the oven.

If cold baked potatoes are dipped for a moment in hot water and then placed in a moderate oven till warmed through, they will be as nice as if freshly baked.

To iron over buttons, etc.—When ironing over blouses or frocks with large buttons or hooks and eyes on, use several thicknesses of blanket or turkish towels to iron them on. Turn garment button-side down, and press on wrong side; the buttons sink in the soft padding leaving a smooth surface for the iron.

To dampen a fine blouse evenly for ironing, wring a towel from water, roll blouse up tightly in it and leave ten minutes.

To deaden a telephone or doorbell during sickness or for very nervous persons, slip blotting paper under the edge of the bells.

To whiten ivory handles of knives, which have become yellow through being made wet, rub them with fine sandpaper. If the blades have become rusty from careless usage, rub them also with fine sandpaper, and they will look as good as new.

Salt meats, such as ham, tongue and beef, which are to be boiled, should be put in cold water and allowed to heat slowly.

Half a cupful of butter is given in many recipes. A quick way to arrive at this to fill the measuring cup half full of water, then drop in the butter till the water rises to the top. This takes far less time than to pack the butter down in a cup.

TODAY

Today is here awhile,
Tomorrow never comes,
And yesterday has gone
With all his elder chums.

Today is here awhile,
In ruffled, richest dress,
To keep my heart awake
With smiling tenderness.

—*Mary Burt.*

The best thing about Spring: it comes when it is most needed.

MARY WARBURTON'S BATTLE FOR LIFE

THERE are many stirring stories of the endurance and courage of the women of pioneer days; and it is not many years since all our hearts glowed with pride and admiration of the women of our own and other lands who, taking their lives in their hands, crossed an ocean teeming with treacherous death to bring cheer and comfort to those in the shadows and perils of war and skilled nursing to the wounded and maimed.

But many women have the quality of quiet courage, which responds to the demands of the commonplace situations of everyday life, at home perchance, or again in an emergency where to fail may mean death or acute suffering.

A story of such a heroic woman, Mary Warburton, an English nurse, comes to us from the pen of a newspaperman—an almost unbelievable tale of a woman who wandered for thirty-three days among the mountains of British Columbia, lost in a desolate region, with no food for more than half the time, yet who came through the experience with undimmed faculties, retaining her reason and much of her vitality. It was an adventure unparalleled in the annals of North American woodcraft, if not in the whole world.

Mr. Francis Dickie tells the story, in part, as follows:

The survivor of this long endurance contest is an English woman, 46 years of age. All her life she has been a lover of the outdoors. Shortly before her dramatic experience she had gone into the Dease River country in northern British Columbia and staked a gold claim a hundred miles from the nearest habitation. In the autumn of this year after concluding a case, she decided to give up nursing for a few weeks' time and take a hike through the wild and mountainous region lying between the towns of Hope and Princeton, afterwards visiting a friend in a little town beyond Princeton, to which place she shipped her trunk before starting on her walk.

She set out from Hope on the 25th day of August to cover some 70 miles of distance through a mountainous region, heavily timbered and cut through by several rivers running between high, steep banks. To reach her destination she had to cross a divide 6,000 feet high. Expecting to make the journey in three days, she traveled light, carrying only a small army knapsack, a thin woolen blanket, a billycan, a half-pound of cheese, bacon, raisins, a quarter-pound of chocolate and two ounces of almonds.

When some 25 miles out from Hope, Mary Warburton took the wrong turn on the trail and got onto an old route. The weather had been fine when she left Hope, and she had been assured that this particular time of year she could depend on several dry, warm days. For this reason she had discarded her waterproof, but her second day upon the trail it rained heavily. She put in a miserable night at the height of the summit, but accepted the happening philosophically, the journey being so short a one.

Unfortunately she had topped the wrong summit. Unaware of this, she continued her third day of traveling with a cheerful heart, feeling certain of reaching her destination that night. In the afternoon while crossing a small creek she slipped and fell into the water, soaking her clothes and all her provisions. Giving up thought of reaching her destination that night, she made a fire (her matches fortunately being in a waterproof case), and dried herself. On the next morning, still certain of reaching her destination that night, she threw away most of her water-soaked provisions, retaining only the raisins and almonds.

The fifth night came, and still the shallow mountain stream wound away over its bed of gravel and boulders, between steep banks topped by heavy timber. On the sixth night, the conviction at last came to Mary Warburton that she had miscalculated the distance. She scaled the steep bank. Following along the tree line, she was cheered by the sight of blazes. She followed in turn several of these lines, only to find them end in solid bush. They had probably been made by trappers the previous winter marking out their short line of traps.

After wasting several days in this manner, she returned to the river bed. Presently she entered a narrow gorge where the narrowed river went foaming down an ever-steepening series of ledges. Crawling and climbing, Mary Warburton made her way for some distance, her life in great danger, only to be brought to a halt by a sheer drop of about a thousand feet. She turned to climb back, but, finding the ascent much more difficult than the descent, she gave up this attempt, and began climbing the nearby sheer bank of the river, several hundred feet of clay and rock, with here and there bunches of shrubbery. Step by step she made her way, sometimes having to dig a foothold, or trust to the slim branches of the shrubs.

The top of the bank was lined with grim conifers stretching away in close ranks in every direction. In no way daunted, the nurse made a new plan.

Giving up belief that this way led to Princeton, she began backtracking to try and reach Hope. In all this time, and in the following days, the wanderer declares she never suffered any acute hunger pangs or the other symptoms usually accompanying starvation. She drank copiously of the cold, pure mountain water.

Also, as long as her matches lasted, she made a fire night and morning and drank a great deal of hot water. Through the day she munched a few almonds and raisins.

On the first night of her backtracking, she made camp as usual, and fell asleep beside her fire. The fire ate back through the thick moss till it reached her right foot. The pain from the burning canvas top of her shoe awoke her. Desperately she fought the fire, which had spread for several feet around her, by tearing up the moss and beating the flame with her blanket. She succeeded in putting it out, but at the cost of badly lacerated and burned hands. In order to retain the protection of the badly needed crêpe sole, she cut holes in either side of it and ran strings through and bound it upon her foot. But the days of continually walking in water had softened the flesh of her feet. Soon the cord cut in. To ease the strain she gathered leaves and placed under the cord. The leaves turned out to be poisonous, infected the flesh, so that for many days she suffered intense pain. Yet she continued to travel.

On the 14th day of her wandering (the time based on the weather records at the town of Hope) a blizzard swooped down upon the lonely marcher, forcing her to huddle for three days in a clump of firs.

Though the weather was extremely cold for this time of the year, Nurse Warburton made the most of her clothing and covering. At night she replaced her wet socks with an extra pair carried in her knapsack. Then she put her feet inside the knapsack, wrapped the blanket around her legs, and held the blanket tightly in place by tying it with the straps of the knapsack. With the rest of the blanket wrapped around her head and body she was able to survive the cold.

Warm weather followed upon the heels of the storm. Turning westward, Mary Warburton finally left the river and went along a sloping mountainside, bare for long stretches, in other parts clothed with evergreens and willow. By the fifth week of constant traveling she grew weak. She walked very slowly, her legs shaky. She found herself more weary in the morning than at night. Making a fresh start each day was torture. So stiff was she from exposure and weak from lack of nourishment that she started each morning by first creeping some distance to get limbered up before she could rise to her feet by aid of a stout stick. She did not sleep soundly any more; only dozed, always dreaming the same dream; of finding people and houses, and inquiring the way out. From about the 15th day she had placed herself on a ration of 12 raisins a day.

About the 28th day of her wandering, she came in sight of the first human habitation. She rushed toward it eagerly hoping to find a human being. Instead, she found only a small cabin with half its roof gone. She reached this partial shelter just in time. When darkness fell, another blizzard was upon her. Crouched in one corner, she stoically sat out the two days of storm. When it was over, Mary Warburton was so weak and stiff, she had to crawl to the entrance. As she went, her hand came in contact with a covered tin, which gave off a faint rattling noise. Opening it, she found to her great delight nine matches, a wonderful discovery to one so long fireless.

She made a fire. Warmed by the blaze, she fell asleep. Her blanket burning against her hand awoke her. The floor around her and one wall of the cabin was ablaze, the old split timbers of the flooring having ignited from her little fire. She stamped out the smoldering blanket and ran outside just in time.

That night she slept beside a fallen log with a southern exposure in order to catch the first sunlight and the most of it during the day. Here she rested for two days, her weakness bringing her to face the possibility of soon coming death. Rather than face any long and slow death, she decided to cut the radial artery. Before doing so, she decided to make one more try on the 33d day of her wandering.

Suddenly she saw ahead what had not been visible to her while lying down—smoke rising from a clump of willow a few hundred yards away. She uttered a weak cry, but it reached a hearer in the still mountain air. A rifle shot answered. From the willows an old man with white whiskers came rushing. He was Podunk Davis, a noted woodsman of the region, and who had persisted in the search.

The day previous to finding the nurse, Podunk had started out in the opposite direction from where he located her; but, after getting well under way, some strange occult prompting moved him to turn right about face and brought him to her. This, Nurse Warburton is convinced, is telepathy.

"You look like an angel from heaven!" the long lost nurse cried, tottering toward her rescuer. She presented a strange and pitiful sight as she moved. What scant clothes she wore were in tatters. The tops of both her shoes were now completely gone, the soles held on by strings. Her face was very emaciated, but her eyes were clear, her mind was undimmed. She presented a figure in every way at variance with any other case of hunger on record.

Davis and his companion carried her to their tent, and clothed her in some of their apparel, at which time she was still strong enough to stand alone and be photographed.

The next morning she rode a horse 16 miles to a cattle camp, and the following day 23 miles more to the town of Hope.

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

Child Care—I

In a health column the first consideration should be the child:—what may be of help in recent discoveries and how established work may spread to new centers of operation.

The future of a child depends upon his structure, which is his fundamental equipment for life, so that it is of supreme importance.

X-rays are therefore used to detect remediable defects of bones or teeth,—for prevention is the cry of the hour.

A noted surgeon recently declared, in a conference of dental surgeons, that diseases of the teeth and liability to *all* germ maladies are due to overfeeding of starch and sugar in childhood.

The dangers of sugar have long been familiar—who does not recall warnings against indulgence in candy in far off days—but it has remained for the new study of the chemistry of food to inform us about starch.

We have stuffed our poor children, believing cereals, bread and potatoes to be simple, wholesome food, of which they could not have too much, and we ignored their vitamine needs, fearful of fruits, vegetables and "rabbit food" for the young child.

Fortunately nature fills gaps, and the country child, at least, visited gardens and partook of their raw supplies, from pea-pods and rhubarb to apples and carrots,—even those supplied for the horses,—and wheat was chewed as gum is today, enriching the chewer by supplying the benefit of the whole grain, so much urged for bread.

At Teachers College, Columbia University, New York, research is being conducted upon many generations of white rats, effects of feeding or withholding certain food chemicals,—chiefly the mysterious vitamines and phosphoros. Increase of size, vitality and length of life results as supplies are increased, or the reverse happens, even to a moth-eaten appearance and loss of self-respect. They become "bums," so to speak, ceasing to wash themselves, a thing normal rats are most punctilious about.

If fed on meat and white bread alone, they have no offspring and are doomed to early death, being subject to pneumonia from the first sneeze indulged in over their cages.

Dr. Rose, in charge of the experiments, likens the rats of lowered vitality but still attractive, with brilliant eyes and passable fur, to the self-starved, fashionably thin flappers, happily unmindful of increased susceptibility to disease or lessened ability to bear children.

It is stated that over three hundred deaths of young girls in England in the year were due to starvation for appearances. In her sublime though misguided disregard of health laws, our flapper minces gaily on her way, her high heels with their tiny bases threatening sprained ankles or worse, and causing inevitable feminine "ills."

Dr. Rose, an attractive young woman herself, says education is the only cure, and that much is already being accomplished in the schools.

During Health Week at Barnard College, New York, an exhibition of "beautiful, stylish, healthful shoes" was held, in charge of a student from Antioch College, where they were designed by students to fill a great need and are made by experts.

Communities desiring a like exhibition should apply to Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Next month we shall continue with child care, taking up mental as well as physical needs.

Suggestions and questions should be sent to The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., and marked "Health Column." They will be gladly received and dealt with to the best of our ability.

THE VIOLET

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flow'r,
Its colours bright and fair;
It might have grac'd a rosy bow'r,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints array'd;
And there diffus'd its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flow'r to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

—*Jane Taylor.*

What's in a Name?

A woman who was living in a hotel in San Francisco hired a Chinese boy.

She said: "What's your name?"

"Fu You Tsin Mei," said he.

"Your name is too long. I'll call you John."

"What's your name, please?" said he.

"Mrs. Elmer Edward MacDonald."

"Your name too long. I call you Charlie."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Survives Every Time

You'll notice, when the voting's over, and
The men for office all selected,
The country goes serenely on—as if
It didn't care who had been elected.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

TOM TOMATO TATTLES IN SCHOOL

FRIDAY afternoon had arrived, and Miss Carrie Carrot had promised the vegetable children a time for entertainment and fun.

Alice Asparagus had come back from her lunch at noon wearing a white dress and green slippers, Tillie Turnip was wearing her Sunday sash of purple, and Rudolph Radish was wearing a new red shirt with a round white collar. Percy Potato had all his eyes wide open and Charles Corn had his ears ready to hear everything.

Directly after lunch hour every Friday afternoon they had a spelling match using all the words they had learned during the week. All the children liked "turning down" and "head marks." Patricia Pea was at the head of the line and Oscar Onion was at the foot.

After calling the roll, Miss Carrie Carrot said, "The spelling class may line up." Then she opened her spelling book and found the place. "Receive," began Miss Carrot looking at Patricia Pea.

"Receive," pronounced Patricia, "R-e-c-i-e-v-e."

"Next," said Miss Carrie Carrot, looking very much surprised at Patricia Pea.

"Receive," repeated Bennie Beet who stood next, "R-e-s-i-e-v-e."

"Next," said Miss Carrot.

One of the Okra twins stood next. He put his finger on his forehead and rubbed it around, trying to be funny because he did not know how to spell the word. His brother Oliver whispered to him and then he said, "Receive, r-e-c-e-i-v-e."

"Teacher," called out Tom Tomato who had lost his chance to "turn down" those who had missed and go to the head of the line, "Oliver told."

Miss Carrie Carrot laid her pencil in her spelling book to keep the place and looked at Tom Tomato. "I know a little boy who was so anxious to tattle on someone that he spoke out without permission, and called me 'Teacher' when he knows my name as well as anyone."

"Oliver Okra, who is really a very soldierly little fellow, held up his hand. When Miss Carrot nodded to him he said, "Please, Miss Carrot, I told my brother, but I won't do it again. I was afraid we shouldn't have the entertainment."

"Well," said Miss Carrot, "some of you listened to the Careless Imp and did not study your spelling, one listened to the Afraid Imp and one listened to the Tattling Imp. Suppose we put all of these bad imps out of our nice schoolroom and spend a while studying our spelling; then we can have the time that is left for fun."

And would you believe it, in just a very little while everyone had looked over the four spelling lessons for the week and not one word was missed!

Then Tillie Turnip and Bennie Beet did a twirling top dance that was perfectly splendid; Oscar Onion and Lonnie Leek had a wrestling match to see which was the stronger; the Okra twins said a funny little dialogue, and Tom Tomato borrowed a jumping rope from Sallie Spinach and walked a tight rope in his elegant red pantaloons.

"Next week," cautioned Miss Carrot, "I hope no naughty imps get into this school; then we shall have more time for entertainment on Friday."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Q. The animals had a circus. Three who wished to attend the show were a turtle, a lamb and a skunk. Approaching the box office they found the admission to be $1. Two of the animals obtained admittance. Which two were they, and why was the third one turned away?

A. The turtle was admitted because he had a green back, also the lamb, because he had four quarters. But the skunk was turned away because he only had a cent (scent).

THE THINGS YOU LEAVE UNDONE

IT isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache,
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

LITTLE Emily had just returned home from her holiday visit to the zoo, and she was giving her mother an excited account of all the queer animals she had seen.

"What animal did you like the best, Emily?" her mother asked.

"Oh, the elephant!" exclaimed the little girl eagerly. "You ought to see him pick up peanuts with his vacuum cleaner!"—*Monitor.*

"WHAT was the name of the last station we stopped at, Mother?"

"I don't know. Be quiet. I'm working out a crossword puzzle."

"It's a pity you don't know the name, Mother, because little Oscar got off there."—*Kaspar (Stockholm).*

How to make a shadow: stand in your own sunshine.

At a railway siding a man asked the foreman if there was a vacancy.

"What can you do?" asked the foreman.

"Anything," replied the man.

"All right" answered the foreman, "take this oil can and oil the points and crossings up the line."

After an absence of three days the foreman received a telegram which read:

"Dear Sir: Arrived at Detroit. Please forward more oil."

Magician (to small boy he has called to the stage)—"Now, my boy, you have never seen me before, have you?"

Small Boy—"No, daddy."—*Beanpot.*

Teacher—"Give me a sentence with the word 'analyze.'"

Small Boy—"My sister Anna says she never makes love, but, oh, how Analyze."—*Satyr.*

"Shall I get off this end of the car?" said a lady to the conductor as the train pulled into the station.

"Just suit yourself, madam" said the conductor. "Both ends stop."—*Topeka Capital.*

"Rastus, is my bath warm?"

"Yessah, the wahmest Ah was ever in."—*Lampoon.*

Willie (at the zoo)—"Gee, Ma, that monkey looks just like Papa."

Mother (heatedly)—"Why, Willie, aren't you ashamed of yourself!"

Willie—"Aw, gee whiz, he can't understand what I said!"—*Boston Transcript.*

Minister—"Would you care to join us in the new missionary movement?"

Flapper Fanny—"I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the Charleston?"

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.,* also letters offering to give books and magazines, should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimbl Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

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